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AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS

BY

ALFRED WAYLAND CUTTING

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CLASS OF 1877





MEMORIAL TABLET

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

AND

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON,

1891-1892.

By

WILLIAM WAYLAND CUTTING

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DESIGN OF A MURAL TABLET
FOR THE CITY OF BOSTON, AND A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF

THE BOARD OF DESIGN OF A MURAL TABLET FOR THE CITY OF BOSTON.

COMMONS, BOSTON.

1891-1892.

1891-1892.

JOHN T. MASON

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DESIGN OF A MURAL TABLET

1891-1892.

BOSTON

WILLIAM WAYLAND CUTTING

1891



AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, WAYLAND, MASS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1911

BY

ALFRED WAYLAND CUTTING

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF A MURAL TABLET
TO THE MEMORY OF FOUR FORMER PASTORS OF THE CHURCH

EDMOND BROWNE

1640-1678

JOSIAH BRIDGE, A.M.

1761-1801

JOHN BURT WIGHT, A.M.

1815-1835

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D.D.

1839-1840

1848-1865

BOSTON

PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS

1911

✓
MS 13497.10.10



From the estate of
Lawrence Hand. ✓

Order of Exercises

SINGING

"Old Hundred" Hymn No. 5
"From all that dwell below the skies"

INVOCATION AND RESPONSES

First Service in Service Book

SINGING

"Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood"
Hymn No. 786

RESPONSIVE READING

107th Psalm

PRAYER

Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, D.D.

SINGING

"St. Ann's" Hymn No. 189
"O God, our help in ages past"

UNVEILING OF THE TABLET

By Master Edmund Hamilton Sears, Jr.
Great-grandson of Dr. Sears

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

Mr. Alfred Wayland Cutting

SINGING

"America" Hymn No. 784

BENEDICTION

Hymn

Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn:
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
The glorious past has shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills:
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh, let thy light repose
On these our hills!

John Pierpont.

Prayer

BY THE REV. SETH CURTIS BEACH, D.D.

PASTOR OF FIRST PARISH

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good example of all those, thy servants, who have finished their course in faith and now rest from their labors. In this hour of commemoration we thank thee for the "Great and good Who here in peril stood"—sometimes in peril and sometimes in peace—"And raised their hymn." We thank thee for the wisdom and courage which enabled our fathers to build better than they knew; we thank thee for their deliverance and ours from all dangers within and without, and for the growth, the comfort, the refinement, which have come to us as a blessed inheritance. We would remember before thee to-day a few of these worthies, all of whose names are written in the book of life,—men whom thou didst graciously raise up to lead the people in time of trial, to counsel them in days of peace. We bless thee for their patience in adversity, their soberness, their wisdom, their purity, their patriotism, their faith in thee. We thank thee that thou didst endow each of them in his time with large talents, enrich their minds with various learning exceptional in their day, endue them with insight, judgment, and persuasive speech, and fit them to be leaders in times which tried men's souls and which doubtless tried their own. As we look upon the prosperity and peace, the liberty and truth and justice, that so largely pervade the land, we see the fruit of the seed which these men planted, and we learn again the old lesson that great men, and especially good men, are thy best gift to the world; and we pray to thee that thou wilt now again give us men,—great men,

strong men, good men, fit to be our leaders, men who thoroughly know thy will and can teach it to us all. And now, our Father, what shall we ask more of thee, as we stand commemorating the great men of a noble past? What can we ask but that our own lives shall be doubly consecrated to our duties? In deeper purity, in more enduring unselfishness, in dauntless courage, in integrity that nothing can seduce, may we be wholly consecrated to thy service, and may we lay our humble lives, like strong, solid, though perchance unnoticed stones, in the structure of righteousness and truth and wisdom which thou art building in this community. To some such self-consecration may we all be uplifted by the service of commemoration which we hold to-day. *Amen.*

Address

The succession of the ministry of the First Parish of Wayland is a long and honorable list. During the two hundred and seventy-one years of the life of this ancient church, twenty-one names appear upon its records, of men who have served as its pastors, men who without exception, as God has given them the light to see it, have zealously and faithfully performed the duties of their high calling.

This in the olden time by constant study of the Bible as the one and only revelation of God and God's will; by reverent administration of the church's offices; by inculcating the noblest standards of life and well-doing; by their own lofty inspirations; and later by wider research and study, bringing before us the experiences and lessons of inspired lives of all ages, they have done.

The succession of ministers is as follows:—

PASTORS, FIRST CHURCH IN SUDBURY (WAYLAND)

Pastors previous to 1815:—

<i>Names</i>	<i>Settled</i>	<i>Resigned</i>
Edmond Browne	1640	died 1678
James Sherman	1678	1705
Israel Loring	1705	1722
William Cook	1722	died 1760
Josiah Bridge, A.M.	1761	died 1801
Joel Foster, A.M.	1802	died 1812

UNITARIAN PASTORS, FIRST PARISH, WAYLAND

<i>Names</i>	<i>Settled</i>	<i>Resigned</i>
John Burt Wight, A.M.	1815	1835
Richard T. Austin	1836	1838
Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D.	1839	1840
George A. Williams	1844	1847
Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D.	1848	1865
Samuel D. Robbins	1867	1873
James H. Collins	1873	1874
Edward J. Young	1876	1878
William J. Lloyd	1879	1880
William M. Salter	1881	1882
Nicholas P. Gilman	1882	1884
Herbert Henry Mott	1886	1889
Arthur W. Littlefield	1891	1892
Cyrus W. Heizer	1893	1901
Seth Curtis Beach, D.D.	1902	

The question which will naturally be asked on seeing this tablet which we dedicate to-day is, Why are these four names selected from this list for special commemoration? This question it is my duty to answer.

The list of ministers is a long one, but the length of service of each varies largely. Many pastorates have been brief. The Wayland parish is a small one, and the opportunities offered men of unusual talents or zeal are limited. Young men, fresh from the Divinity School, have been ordained and settled here, but, burning with youthful enthusiasm, have soon felt impatience at their limitations, and have left us for broader fields of opportunity. This church has thus been the nursery of much potential talent, which has later developed into shining lights of our denomination.

Of this list of ministers, ten have held pastorates of three years or less, three of from three to ten years, and the remaining eight were identified with the church and town in long pastorates of from seventeen to forty years.

The object of this tablet, as contemplated by its originators, is to commemorate these four men as representative types of the ministry of this church, as men who perhaps

more than others have not only left their mark on the parish, but as public-spirited citizens, as leaders in civic movements, and as men of strong powers of initiative and leadership, have been potent factors in the development of what is to-day best in Wayland.

Of the ministry of the olden times succeeding the first minister, Edmond Browne; the Rev. James Sherman, Israel Loring, William Cook, and Joel Foster, much is naturally lost in the lapse of years. Faithful and conscientious services the brief records of parish and town only tell of them, but the identification with the town and record of notable achievement and leadership so abundantly held by tradition and history in the cases of Edmond Browne and Josiah Bridge are, if they ever existed, obliterated by time.

The Rev. Israel Loring is perhaps an exception to this. After a pastorate of seventeen years, from 1705 to 1722, a petition from the inhabitants of that part of Sudbury lying west of the river having been presented to the General Court, praying that that part of the town be made the West Precinct, and a separate church be there established, Mr. Loring accepted a call from the new church to be its pastor, and removed to the new West Precinct, where he remained in that capacity for fifty years, dying in the ninetyeth year of his age in 1772, thus completing a pastorate in one town of sixty-seven years. On account of this longer affiliation with the west side Mr. Loring may be considered, from a modern standpoint, as a Sudbury rather than a Wayland minister.

The wording of the petition for a division of the town into two parishes is curious and worthy of repetition here, as affording a glimpse of the life of the times:—

Petition of the West Side people of Sudbury to Governor Dudley and the General Assembly:—

The petition of us who are the subscribers living on ye west side of Sudbury great River Humbly sheweth that whereas ye All wise and ever Ruling providence of ye great God, Lord of Heaven and Earth who is God blessed forever moore, hath cast our lott to fall on that side of the River by Reason of the flud of watere, which for a very great part of the year doth very much incommode us and often by extremity of water

and terrible and violent winds, and a great part of the winter by ice, as it is at this present, so that wee are shut up and cannot come forth, and many times when wee doe attempt to git over our flud, we are forced for to seek our spiritual good with the peril of our lives.

A sketch of the lives of the four men commemorated by this tablet is largely a history of the town, covering as they do some hundred and twenty years of its existence.

Our town was founded in the wilderness in 1638, as the Sudbury Plantation. It was bounded on the east by Watertown, which extended west to the present Weston line, on the north by Concord, and on the south and west by the wilderness, or unclaimed lands of the colony. The town remained as a political unit for one hundred and forty-two years as Sudbury. In 1780 that portion of the town on the east side of the river, the site of the first settlement, was set apart as a separate town under the name of East Sudbury. In 1835 this name was changed to Wayland.

An erroneous idea has persistently prevailed that this town was named in honor of President Francis Wayland, of Brown University, as a benefactor of its library. That this was not so will be seen in the fact that Dr. Wayland's gift to the library was not made until 1847, or twelve years after the naming of the town. Other names considered at this time were Wadsworth, Clarence, Penrose, Fayette, Waybridge, Elba, La Grange, Auburn.

For the beginning of this ancient church we must go back to the unbroken wilderness, untrodden by the foot of the white man, its air unpolluted by the smoke of his chimneys. This wilderness was thinly fringed on the east by the tide-water settlements of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the most westerly of which, Watertown, had been settled a few years previously by Sir Richard Saltonstall and his company.

As this settlement at the falls of the Charles grew, and, as the records say, "We were straightened for room," adventurous pioneers pushed out into the western wilderness. William Wood, who explored it in 1633, gives the first published description of the beautiful Musketahquid Valley, with its thousands of acres of level meadows lying low amid

its surrounding primeval forests. Ancient Indian paths led through these vast forests, which, as Johnson tells us in his "Wonder Working Providence," "Are free from any underbrush, the trees planted as in a gentleman's park, through which a man may on horseback ride in any direction." An Indian trail from Watertown, the "Old Bay Path," to western Massachusetts was doubtless followed by the pioneers. This path at the present boundary between Weston and Wayland divided, the "Old Connecticut Path" going southerly over the northern front of Reeve's Hill, and the "Bay Path," now Plain Road, Bow Road, and Old Sudbury Road in Wayland, leading westerly to the river at the stone bridge.

The bound stone on the present State Road marking the division between Weston and Wayland is of interest, as it marks the forking of the prehistoric Indian paths, and it was this forking which, doubtless, determined the division line between Watertown and Sudbury at this point. The present eastern boundary of Wayland is a straight line some six miles in length, running due north and south, and is identical with the old Watertown bound of 1638. To the pioneers passing over the Old Bay Path from Boston, this place of this forking of the roads would naturally be a well-known landmark on an otherwise featureless trail through the forest, and as such would be taken as the point of division of the towns. If it would seem that the Watertown people set the line well to the west, we must remember that the western boundary of Sudbury was, to all intents and purposes, the Pacific Ocean!

The crossing of the river at the present stone bridge was determined by the fact that the river here crosses the meadows from shore to shore, which feature was utilized as a ferry in prehistoric times, and even after the advent of the settlers it was so used for some years. In the town records we find the appointment of Thomas Noyes as ferryman here in 1642.

A bridge and causeway soon followed. The Colony Records, Vol. II., page 102, show that in 1645 it was ordered:—

That £20 be allowed ye town of Sudbury toward ye building of their bridge and way at ye end of it, to be paid y^m when they shall have made ye way passable for loaden horses so it be done within a twelve months.

Stakes were early used to define the causeway across the meadow in time of flood, and later the town appointed a committee to set out a "sufficient number of willows" on the causeway for this purpose.

Here, then, on the Old Sudbury Road, on the easterly side of the river, facing the south, with rising ground on the north covered with forest and open to the wide meadows in front, in 1638 was built the row of thatched cabins of the first settlers. The land in front was at first worked in common, on a purely communistic basis, but this was only a temporary expedient. Here in 1642 was built the first meeting-house, and here, following the old English custom, about the church the dead were buried, forming the present ancient graveyard. A bronze tablet on a boulder * now marks the site of the first meeting-house, and the heart of the settlement; long abandoned as such, and the spot is now but a quiet old graveyard on a tree-shaded road, half a mile from the village centre.

The town records, page 27, show the contract with John Rutter, dated Feb. 17, 1642, for the building of this meeting-house,—not *church*, it will be noted. This was to be "30 foot long, 20 foot wide, and 8 foot stud, with 6 windows, two with 4 lights, and four with 3 lights." The roof was of thatch, and the building had neither floor nor seats for two years, our hardy forbears deeming themselves fortunate in having a shelter from the wind and storm. It was further ordered that "Every inhabitant that hath a house lot shall attend the raising of the frame, or send a sufficient man."

From this humble beginning of our church we may perhaps here best trace the succession of its five meeting-houses down to this of our day. A second church was built on the same spot in 1652, which was forty by twenty feet square, thatched, and with the walls filled with "tem-

* The gift in 1896 of the late Dr. Frank W. Draper.



Fig. 1. The grave of E. and H. Goodenough.

The grave of E. and H. Goodenough is on the site of the 6th-century church. The stone is shown here.

Eleanor Goodenough, of Salisbury, was born in 1841 and died in 1891. She was one of the most active members of the Salisbury Plantation, and was one of the most active members of the Salisbury Plantation.

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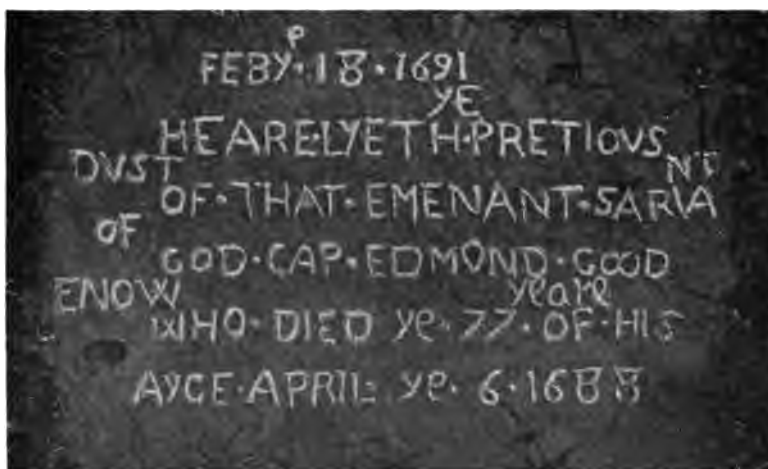
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... efficient man."

... church we may per-
... of its five meeting-
... A second church was
... which was forty by twenty
... with the walls filled with "tem-

... of the late Dr. Frank W. Lister.



GRAVE OF EDMOND GOODENOW

The grave of Captain Edmond Goodenow in the old graveyard, beside the site of the first church. A contemporary and friend of Edmond Browne. The stone is placed flat on the ground, as are all the oldest stones here.

Edmond Goodenow was one of the pioneers and first settlers of the Sudbury Plantation, coming from Dunhead, Wiltshire, in 1638, at the age of twenty-seven, with his wife Anne, four children, and servant. He was one of the most active and prominent men of the settlement.

pered clay." It was voted by the town that the "Back side of the meeting house be finished as a Watch Tower." After King Philip's War this building was fortified by the addition of a palisade around it.

In 1686 a third church was built near the same spot. By the contract, provision was made for the storing of the town's supply of powder. The builders were instructed to copy the Dedham church. This building was probably a great advance on its predecessors. A bell was installed for the first time, the congregation before this having been summoned by the beating of a drum. On the town records for 1652 we find a contract with John Goodnow to beat the drum "twice every Sunday and for services on Lecture Day."

Civil and ecclesiastical authority being so closely allied, we are not surprised to find the town stocks, as a means of punishment, before the church. Further reference to the town records shows that in 1681 "Samuel Howe was to build a new pair of stocks and set them up before the meeting house."

By vote of the town in 1725 this building, the third in succession, was taken down and the timbers used in the construction of the fourth church, which was built in the present middle of the town, on the old "Common." This was used until 1815 when the present church was built.

So in this little nick in the wilderness, this second settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony beyond tidewater to the west, in this tiny clearing in the giant pines of the Musketahquid valley, was founded in 1640 the "Church and Congregation in Sudbury." After two years spent in clearing forest and erecting houses, in transporting everything necessary to existence except wood, water, and game, painfully and with toil, on foot or by pack-horse through the narrow Indian trail from Boston, the next care of these transplanted Englishmen was the formation of a church, free from the ecclesiastical diction of king or bishop. Seated in council, perhaps amid the stumps of the clearing, under the open sky,—for no other place of public gathering yet

existed,—with the blue crest of old Nobscot across the meadows as a witness, axes and saws and spades laid aside, the hardy freemen of the plantation met, and then and there founded this old church.

The minister chosen was one of their number, a pioneer and a farmer, toiling with all, asking no privileges or distinction beyond the rest, in the prime of life and strength of lusty manhood,—for only such as he could endure the conditions of existence then; a man who for thirty-eight years was to be not only their spiritual leader, but neighbor, fellow-worker, town officer, and trusted and experienced counsellor in all affairs affecting the public weal.

This man, Mr. Edmond Browne, as he is invariably called in the town records, as the title of Reverend was not used for a hundred years later, was a native of Sudbury, near Bury St. Albans, in Suffolk, England, from whence he had come in 1637 with a number of his townsmen and others, to found in the American wilderness a new Sudbury, freed from the tyranny, the wrongs, and the injustices of the old.

Cotton Mather states that Mr. Browne had been ordained and in actual service before his immigration, but beyond that and a commendatory reference to him as pastor by Johnson, couched in the usual ecclesiastical verbiage of the time, contemporary records give no intimation of his being other than one of the pioneers who had thrown their lot together. He was one of the largest land-owners in the settlement, his holdings reaching some three hundred acres, certainly an active farmer, and prominent in all plans for the betterment and development of the young town.

His house stood on what was then known as "Timber Neck," a short distance from the present Island Road, on the opposite side of the brook, beyond the bridge entrance to the land of Mr. Edwin F. Greene. Recent excavation here has revealed fragments of bricks, doubtless remains of the old Browne garrison, which have been reverently preserved by Mr. Greene. In Parson Browne's will his house is called "Brunswick." It was the most outlying house in the early settlement, but was accessible to the then

village centre by the old Bridle Point road over Braman's hill, a bit of which can still be seen between the houses of Mr. Hastings and the Misses Heard. The present road to Wayland centre from Bow Road, and the present centre itself, were for many years later only swampy forest.

The name of Edmond Browne constantly appears in the early town records as leader in every civic movement, indicating a personality of great energy and far-sighted sagacity. He was a man of culture and refinement, fond of music and a skilled performer on several instruments, his "bass Voyall, musical books and other instruments" being mentioned in his will. He possessed what at that time and under existing circumstances was a remarkable library of one hundred and eighty volumes. His lifelong energy and business thrift brought prosperity, and at his death he made a bequest to the town for the establishment of a grammar school, and initiated a modern custom of millionaires by leaving £100 to Harvard College. He left no children, but provided liberally for his "deare and loving wife Anne."

His pastoral duties in the little thatched church on the hillside consumed but a portion of his boundless energy. The civilization and Christianizing of the Indians was a subject to which he gave much time and attention in co-operation with his friend and neighbor, John Eliot, of Natick. He was an indefatigable hunter, at a time when the region swarmed with game and dangerous beasts, of which wolves and bears were especially feared. His guns and "fishing craft" are duly bequeathed in his will. Wolves at this time constituted such a menace that a bounty of ten shillings for each one killed was voted by the town. Beaver pelts were an article of merchandise throughout the Musketahquid country.

Whatever trials and hardships the Sudbury settlers had to endure, danger from Indians of the neighborhood never entered. There were but few of them hereabouts at the time of the advent of the white man. Karto, afterward known as "Goodman," had his lodges on the hill across

the river, which now bears his name. This was the Indian with whom the Englishmen went through the farce of obtaining a deed of the township. He was a friend of Edmond Browne, and attended his preaching. Tantamous had his wigwams on Nobscot. Nataous had his lodge on Reeve's Hill, Tahattawam at Concord. It was not until forty years after the settlement of Sudbury that the horrible cloud of King Philip's descent on the English settlements of the entire colony fell over the town, and then for fifty years, in common with other frontier towns, Sudbury was to know neither peace nor security. May not Browne's wisdom and moderation in dealing with his Indian neighbors have been instrumental in securing the previous immunity? These Indians fought on the side of the white men in the invasion, and one was killed.

But, if Mr. Browne was gentle and pacific in time of peace, he was the man for the hour in time of war. At the descent of Philip and his hordes on Sudbury, he, then eighty years of age, appears to have been one of the most energetic and far-sighted. Letter after letter addressed by him to the authorities at Boston, urging preparation and defence, are on file. He protested against the impressment of Sudbury men for duty elsewhere, stating that they had but eighty fighting men available, and these were necessary for the defence of the town, as a descent upon Sudbury was impending and inevitable. The usual procrastination on the part of the colony authorities followed, with the result of the annihilation of Captain Wadsworth and his company of fifty men on Green Hill, April 21, 1676, the death of thirteen other men, and the burning of deserted houses and slaughter of live stock throughout the town the same day, when the women and children were crowded into the garrison houses.

Captain Wadsworth, of Milton, and his company had been despatched from Boston the day before for the relief of Marlboro. They had marched all day, reaching their destination at night-fall. Here they learned of the danger of Sudbury, and without stopping for rest or sleep, and

re-enforced by Captain Brocklebank, the commander at Marlboro, and a portion of his garrison, at once started back on a night march for Sudbury. There the next morning they were drawn into ambush by the Indians, only twelve men escaping death or capture.

As recorded, the only fortified house on the East Side was that of Edmond Browne. On September 26 of the previous year he had written thus to the Governor at Boston:—

I have been at a round charge to fortify my house, and excepting finishing the two flankers and my gate, have done. Now without four hands I cannot well secure it, and if for want of hands I am beaten out, it will be very advantageous for the enemy and a thorn to the town.

What this fortified house was to the East Side inhabitants on the day of the massacre we can imagine. Besides the calamity to Wadsworth's company, "Twelve resolute young men of Concord," hastening to the relief of Sudbury, were all but one slain by the Indians on the meadows, while the Haynes garrison house on the west edge of the meadows, crowded with humanity, held off hundreds of savages, as the old account says,—

From between five and six of ye clock in ye morning, till about one in ye afternoon, when we forced ye enemy with considerable slaughter to draw off.

The English loss here was two men killed. On the East Side the men, re-enforced by a company from Watertown under command of Captain Hugh Mason, firing from behind buildings and trees, drove two hundred Indians in a running fight across the causeway, where, the meadows being flooded, this front was easily defended.

After the experiences of this day the meeting-house was fortified, as has been stated, but Sudbury was never again attacked in force.

In the death of Edmond Browne, June 22, 1678, the town met a great loss. It is true he was an old man, but, judging from his activity in the Indian War, he was still hale and robust. Moreover, he had been with the people

since the beginning of the settlement. He had been a sharer in their joys and sorrows for forty years, and in his death they must have seen the closing of an epoch in the history of the town.

If Mr. Edmond Browne was a type of the New England minister of the time of the settlement and of the old Indian wars, the Rev. Josiah Bridge will well stand as a representative of the ministry of the time of the American Revolution. Ordained and settled as the fifth pastor of the First Parish in 1761, his pastorate covered the entire period of the Revolution until his death in 1801, thus giving his whole active life to the service of one church and one community, at the most critical period of our country's history.

During the interim between the death of the first minister and the settlement of Mr. Bridge, James Sherman and Israel Loring had held comparatively short pastorates for those days, and William Cook had had a long and honorable but apparently uneventful ministry of thirty-eight years.

Josiah Bridge was a native of Lexington and a graduate of Harvard College in 1758, subsequently receiving the degree of Master of Arts. The communistic features of society made necessary in the early days of the town had long since passed away, and at this time the nature of the pastoral office was much changed. Instead of being a sharer in the common toil and a minister in addition to being a participant in the necessary struggle for existence, the ministerial office was now invested with the utmost dignity, exacting and expecting respect and almost homage. The ministerial dress, manner, and bearing were distinctive, indicating the pastor as a man set apart from worldly affairs, a man of God.

No man was ever better fitted by nature and tempera-

ment for this character than Josiah Bridge. We must imagine a man of unusual physique, large, but well proportioned, almost majestic in mien and carriage, a countenance fresh and benign, with an eye that seems to read one's soul's thoughts,—clothe this form in a long-skirted coat of black velvet, with close fitting small-clothes, silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles, a three-cornered hat, and powdered hair tied with a black ribbon, and we have a picture of the typical pastor of the Revolution, Josiah Bridge, as he has been described.

This, however, was only the external man. Strong, virile, aggressive, but with these qualities tempered by good judgment and a kindly, sympathetic spirit, he won the hearts of all, and not only was the idol of his people, but a well-known and widely sought man in a larger field. As preacher before the State Convention of Ministers, an august assembly in those days, as preacher of the Annual Election sermon before the civil authorities in Boston, and as Dudleian Lecturer at Harvard College, he was a well-known man. Settled in Sudbury over this church at the age of twenty-two, he was ever loyal to it, though widely sought elsewhere.

He married Martha, the only child of the Rev. Aaron Smith, of Marlborough, by which he was richly blessed in the companionship of one who is said to have been one of the loveliest spirits that ever dwelt on earth, and founded a family which long and honorably continued his name in this town. His wife is never mentioned in the records of the time to which I have had access save as "Madam Bridge," indicating, it would seem, the deep respect with which the lady was regarded. The Old Bridge Parsonage still exists as the home of Mr. Alden D. Wellington, a four-square, dignified, old-time homestead, standing beneath its noble elms, very suggestive of the dignity and courtliness of its old-time life.

Here it was that on the 19th of April, 1775, Mr. Bridge was awakened at half-past three in the morning by the ringing of the church bell and by the firing of guns on the

Common, which followed the arrival of a dust and sweat covered horse and rider from Concord, bearing the tidings that the British, the "Ministerial troops," as they were called, were coming, and that the minute-men were ordered out. The scene that followed has been described by an eye-witness. We can imagine the gathering of the entire town, the falling in of the line of strong, grim-mouthed men beside the old church, the incessant crashing of the bell overhead, the rolling of drums, the hoarse shouts of Sergeant Robert Cutting and Sergeant Nathaniel Reeves calling the rolls, the excited arrivals of citizens from all directions. Through the open church door we see the burly form of Mr. Bridge in consultation with Captain Joseph Smith, Captain Nathaniel Cudworth, and the town officers. Before the church stand quietly the group of twenty-one horses of Isaac Loker's little troop. Soon all is ready, and we see one hundred and thirty-six men swing into column, shoulder their flintlocks, and start off up the Concord road. Thus in our town began the War of the Revolution.

These men were not, as is usually the case at such times, composed of the rabble and irresponsible element of the town. An examination of the muster-rolls shows a list of the most prominent and respected citizens. An example of this is Israel Haynes, of Sudbury, shot dead at Lexington, who was eighty years of age and a deacon of the west side church.

Throughout the stormy period of the Revolution, and in the worse times of political confusion which followed, Mr. Bridge's excellent judgment and counsel were ever employed in the service of the town. On the old Training Field, where hundreds of Sudbury men were drilled and prepared for duty and in the councils of citizens and officers in the church, the only town hall, Mr. Bridge's familiar figure was often seen.

This church, so closely associated with the events of the time, deserves description. Thirty-five years before Mr. Bridge's pastorate began, the third meeting-house, built in the graveyard on the Old Sudbury Road, had been removed and rebuilt on an acre of land purchased for the

purpose in the present centre of the town, about where the post-office now stands. This land, known as the "Common," contained besides the church, the town pound, and at the southerly end a brick school-house, still standing. The meeting-house, a large, square, weather-beaten building, without tower or chimney, resembling the "Old Ship" at Hingham, stood close to the road, a large sycamore shading its pulpit window. A horse-block by one of its doors—it had entrances on three sides—was used by the parishioners, who, coming to church on horseback, often with a pillion behind for wife or daughter, could here easily mount or dismount. Inside, the square pews, with high partitions surrounded by little balusters, the seats for the austere-looking deacons beneath the high pulpit, with its mighty overhanging sounding-board,—these all, with the massive galleries, constitute the picture of this old church, whose frame still survives in the house of Mr. W. A. Bullard, standing beside its successor, the present church, where it was removed in 1815.

One of Mr. Bridge's most valuable contributions to this town has never been properly recognized by local historians. To him is largely, if not wholly, due the initiative in the establishment of a library in the town. In 1796, years before the thought or possibility of a public library supported by the town, Mr. Bridge, actuated by the reasons given in the preamble of its constitution, was the leader in the establishment of the "East Sudbury Social Library." This preamble, doubtless inspired, if not written by Mr. Bridge, is as follows:—

Fully convinced that Public as well as private happiness essentially depends on the General diffusion of usefull knowledge, and that the easiest and most direct way to obtain that knowledge is by the free use of well chosen books, we the subscribers do therefore agree to purchase and keep for our use and benefit, a social circulating library, and hereby obligate ourselves to abide by the following articles as constitutional for this Society.

These by-laws make us smile now, as when we read that a book might be kept out for three months, but must be

returned before three o'clock on the day due on penalty of a fine of thirty-three cents, or when we read that the librarian's salary was to be two dollars a year; but we must remember that this was the beginning of the development of the free public library idea, and that these people were tentatively working it out. That this development was persistently carried to a noble length is a matter of the history of Wayland, and the part acted in it by a successor of Mr. Bridge, the Rev. John Burt Wight, will be shown.

By the carefully kept records of this old library association, now preserved in the town library, we find evidence of Mr. Bridge's interest and activity in the facts of his continued chairmanship of the board of directors and that he personally chose and purchased all the books as long as he lived. The organization lasted for fifty years, when it was merged into the Public Library of the town.

The sudden death of Mr. Bridge in 1801, at the age of sixty-two, was a sad blow to church and community. A tower of strength had fallen. The "Beloved pastor" was no idle figure of speech in his case. As we read, his people had been proud of him, loved him, honored him. He had bidden God-speed to the hundreds of soldiers of Sudbury departing for the battlefields of the Revolution, and had welcomed them returning to lay down the victorious arms with which they had made a nation. He had comforted the sorrows and shared the joys of two generations. His counsel had cheered them and his wisdom dispelled their clouds of perplexity. His manly nature had never known doubt, and the bright light of his spirit had illumined all.

His stately old gravestone in the North Cemetery expresses this in the following words:—

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JOSIAH BRIDGE, A.M.
THE ABLE, FAITHFUL, PIOUS,
MUCH BELOVED, AND GREATLY LAMENTED
PASTOR
OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
IN EAST SUDBURY.

Three notable events were combined in one on the 25th of January, 1815, when this church in which we are to-day gathered was dedicated forever to the service and worship of God. On the head of a young man were laid the hands of consecration ordaining him in the Christian ministry as a priest of God; and as such he for the first time pronounced his benediction over the bowed heads of the people as their pastor, the seventh in succession of this church.

The man was John Burt Wight, a native of Bristol, Rhode Island. He had graduated from Brown University at the head of his class in 1808, and had later studied at the Harvard Divinity School, which college some years after conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

He is thus described by a contemporary:—

A man of amiable disposition, of meek and quiet temper, and truly catholic spirit. He was a good representative of the best type of New England character. His figure was erect, his bearing noble and dignified, and his manner kindly and courteous.

Twenty-five years of age at his ordination, Mr. Wight was to be identified with this town as a useful and honored citizen for sixty-eight years, until his death in 1883 at the age of ninety-three.

After the death of Mr. Bridge in 1801 the Rev. Joel Foster, A.M., held a pastorate of ten years,—a period not wholly marked by harmony, political and social differences disturbing the unanimity of thought and interests prevailing during Mr. Bridge's pastorate.

A successor to the old church on the Common had become necessary, it having been in use for eighty-nine years. A contest of seven years is said to have been waged as to its location, the question having come up at thirty-four meetings as to which side of the brook the new church should stand. A unanimous vote of the town in 1813 decided the matter, and the present church lot was then deeded to the "Citizens of the town of East Sudbury" by William Wyman.

The frame of the building was raised June 1, 1814, and the new church dedicated, as has been stated, on the 25th of January, 1815.

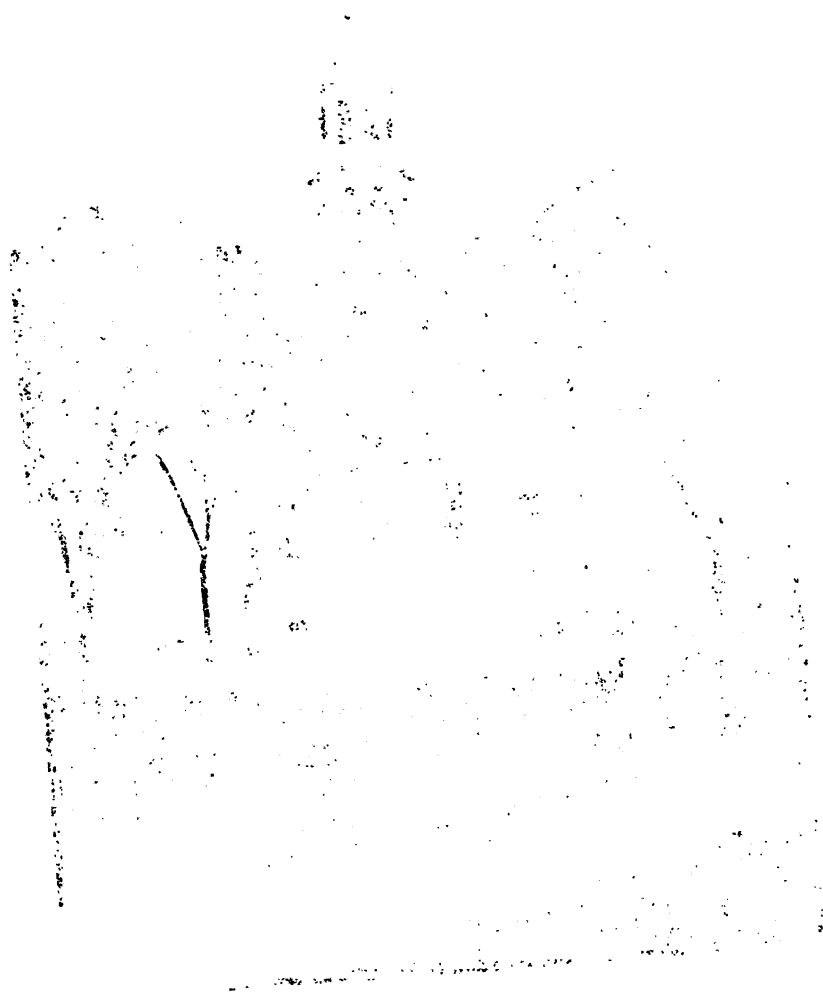
A contemporary description of the edifice may be of interest:—

This meeting house stands at a short distance from the former; on a rising ground, of easy access. It was located by unanimous vote of the town; a majority who were in favor of rebuilding on or by the same spot, consenting to a proposition of the minority. The dimensions are, length 54 feet, width $51\frac{1}{2}$ feet, height to eaves 30 feet. A handsome projection in front, 34 by 8 feet, is entered by several stone steps, guarded by an iron balustrade. The cupola rises to 110 feet, in which is a good bell, weighing 1019 lbs. Both the exterior and interior display much taste. The architect was Mr. Andrews Palmer of Newburyport, and the cost of the building was about \$9500.

The bell referred to, which is still in use, was cast by Paul Revere & Son, and bears the date 1814.

Before the regrettable architectural changes made in this building in 1850, it was one of the finest examples of the old-time New England village church existing. It consisted of one room, the floor of which was that of the present vestry, and rose to the height of the present ceiling. Galleries ran around three sides, supported by fluted columns, a portion of one of which now serves as a pedestal before the pulpit. The old original pulpit, still in use, and unchanged even to its cushion, formerly stood upon six slender columns high above the floor, and was approached by winding stairs on either side. The pews were the old, so-called "square" pews, with high walls and a door to each.

Inside each pew the seats ran around three sides, for the families of those days could not sit in a seat for five persons, so that half the congregation sat back to the minister. This half was usually the younger children. The seats were all on hinges, to be turned back when the congregation stood up, and when they sat down there was a clattering fusillade of falling seats over all the church. The old wrought-iron hinges are still on all these pews.



WAYLAND CHURCH

1. A brief description of the collection to be of

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WAYLAND CHURCH

In 1850 the building was made two-storied by flooring over the space between the galleries, the pulpit was removed to the basement, another of mahogany veneer substituted, and the window behind it closed up. The old white interior woodwork was "grained" in imitation of hard wood, and the walls elaborately frescoed in imitation of columns, arches, alcoves, and panels. By these changes much of the fine old sincerity of its former workmanship and character was replaced by the sham and pretension of the prevailing taste of the period. It remained thus until 1898, when the old pulpit and window behind it were replaced as far as possible, and the woodwork restored to its original white. Portions of two of its ancient supporting columns were incorporated into the new pulpit base, in their old positions.

The church as designed and built had no chimney, and, like all its predecessors, had no provision for heating other than the foot-stoves in the pews, the coals for which were procured at Captain Thaddeus Russell's house, which stood where the parsonage now is. In 1828, by popular subscription, two stoves were purchased and installed in the front vestibule, the smoke-pipes passing through the church to the present chimney, which was then built upon the outside of the rear wall. These pipes furnished the heat for the building.

With a new meeting-house and a popular young pastor the church was soon restored to its former unity, and so it remained for twelve years. Then, in common with the majority of the First Parishes of the New England towns, it had to face the greatest crisis of its existence.

As is well known, the period about 1825 was a momentous one in the history of our churches. The trend toward the liberal faith had been increasing for some years, in the case of our own church for many years, as will be shown. The adherents of the old theology viewed this with alarm, and bent all their energies to revive the smouldering embers of Calvinism. The Unitarians responded with equal fervor, and in the resulting conflict many of the old churches were

split in twain. Dr. Lyman Beecher was sent to our town, and held a series of meetings in the hall of the "Old Green Store," as Mr. Bullard's house, built out of the timbers of the fourth meeting-house, was called. Here he fiercely denounced the new dispensation, and the young pastor of the First Parish, an early convert to the new faith, met the issue then and there.

The question for the church to answer, and to answer at once, was this: Shall the old Calvinistic theology with its traditional and Biblical basis, identified with this church since its foundation, continue; or shall we, abandoning tenets and dogmas which our God-given reason can no longer in fair justice to itself or to the God who gave it, accept; seek by the new light of intellectual and spiritual enfranchisement, a broader and fuller revelation of God?

The reply was that of nine-tenths of the old New England churches, and a large majority of the parish sustained Mr. Wight in the change from the old Calvinistic to the new Unitarian faith. Eighteen persons, however, fifteen women and three men, withdrew from the church, and founded the present Evangelical Trinitarian Society in Wayland, giving it a name which would leave no doubt as to their theological status.

This change in sentiment of the majority of the First Parish was not, as has been stated, sudden. It had been evident for many years. The growing liberalism of the three predecessors of Mr. Wight is noticeable to a student of the history of this church. Mr. Bridge had even questioned the dogma of the Trinity, and his successor had held equally radical views, thus gradually preparing the way for the climax of Mr. Wight's time. The earlier preaching of the church, as shown in existing sermons, notably those of the Rev. Israel Loring, was, viewed in the light of our own days, horrible. It would be charitable to consider these as the ravings of a madman, and it is highly probable that the development of liberal thought in this church was largely a reaction from such preaching.

Mr. Wight's pastorate lasted formally some twenty

years, the exact date of its closing being somewhat obscure, but as pastor emeritus in effect it continued all his life. As a citizen, his activities and interests were many and wide. As chairman of the school committee for many years, he left the indelible mark of his progressiveness on that institution, as on the parish. He was blessed with a happy home and family. The old "Parson Wight" homestead is remembered by many of us as standing nearly opposite the present school building on the Cochituate Road, and now, moved to the hilltop behind its old site, exists, enlarged and beautified, as the home of Mr. Arthur B. Nichols.

A daughter of Mr. Wight, as teacher in the Perkins Institution for the Blind under Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, had the special care and teaching of Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, whose wonderful development under Dr. Howe attracted the attention of the world.

Mr. Wight may be said to have been a bibliomaniac. His passion for books was unbounded. In the present town library are several ancient and rare imprints, collected and highly prized by him, indicative of a refined taste and enthusiasm in this interest. On his coming to the town Mr. Wight found the organization of the East Sudbury Social Library existing, but deemed many of its provisions unsatisfactory. Its circulation was limited to the proprietors. He believed that the use of books and access to them should be absolutely free. With this end in view he began a collection of books by subscription, gift, or loan, known as the East Sudbury Charitable Library, which ultimately reached the number of some three hundred volumes. This library, at first kept in his home and afterward in this church, was free to all, the use of it constantly urged and encouraged by him.

This may be called the second stage in the development of the Free Public Library idea in Wayland. Its culmination was soon to be realized. In 1847 President Wayland, of Brown University, interested in Wayland through his friend and classmate, the Hon. Edward Mellen, and by the incident of the identity of name, offered the town the sum

of \$500 for the establishment of a public library, provided the citizens raise by subscription an equal amount. \$534 was immediately subscribed, and Mr. Wayland at once placed his donation in the hands of Judge Mellen.

The matter, coming before the town at town meeting, was referred to a committee, including Mr. Wight and the Rev. Edmund H. Sears, they to report at a subsequent meeting. At this stage a serious difficulty presented itself, greatly retarding the consummation of the library plan. While the fund could be held by the town as a gift or bequest, no authority existed for the maintenance of a library as a branch of the town's administration by taxation. This difficulty was temporarily overcome by the town's making the payment of taxes levied for this purpose optional with the tax-payers. Rules and regulations for the library were adopted May 8, 1848, a room prepared in the town house, now Mr. Lowell's store, and on Aug. 7, 1850, the first books were delivered. The two existing private libraries were merged into the new town institution, as were the school libraries, which, through the activities of Mr. Wight as chairman of the school committee, had been placed in the six school districts of the town.

The final obstruction to the maintenance of the town library was removed by Mr. Wight in 1851, when as representative in the State legislature he drafted and presented a bill authorizing the establishment and maintenance of public libraries by taxation, which bill was passed and signed by the governor May 24, 1851.

Thus was founded and established the first free public library in Massachusetts, and to no one more than to John Burt Wight is credit due; and for this achievement, in his case but one of many affecting the interests of church and state, is he entitled to the grateful memory of the people of this town.

On the 20th of February, 1839, in this building was ordained to the Christian ministry the man whose name appears last in date upon our tablet, the ninth pastor of this church.

If as the town of his ordination, his home after marriage, the birthplace of his three sons, pastorate of eighteen years, scene of the celebration of his silver wedding, and where the greater part of his literary work, now household words over all the world, was done,—if these give Wayland a right to claim a large share in the life of Edmund Hamilton Sears as her own, she has this right.

A modest, retiring, even shy young man he appeared on that eventful day of his ordination and settlement as pastor. His friend and classmate, the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, thus describes his appearance as a youth:—

His was a proud modesty and frank reserve, with a face half oriental, half aboriginal, in its dark eyes, high cheek-bones, and tawny complexion, mingled with New England features.

A quiet, reserved student, shrinking instinctively from contact with the sordid, practical, unlovely things of life, he appeared and was, but there was a light in his eye, a toss back of the head, a grimness of that New England mouth, which indicated the invincible strength, and iron determination of the fighter to the death, if need be.

He was a Berkshire lad, descended from the Plymouth pilgrims, an incarnation of the best New England traditions and character, as exemplified in so many of his mighty contemporaries in that wonderful flowering time of literature and thought. Among these honored names, history has placed that of the shy, farm-bred, sensitive young college graduate who was ordained here that day.

He was a graduate of Union College, which later conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and of the Harvard Divinity School of the class of 1837.

Mr. Wight's successor, the Rev. Richard T. Austin, after

a pastorate of two years was obliged to resign on account of ill-health, and it was on a Sunday in 1838, when Mr. Sears had been sent as a supply to fill Mr. Austin's place, that he first saw Wayland. Charmed with the personality and powers of the young preacher, he was at once invited by the parish to become its pastor. In reviewing his life in after-years, he said:—

At the time of the graduation of my class at the Divinity School, many of my classmates sought metropolitan positions, and some have become famous. I never had this ambition. My ideal of a pastor's life was that described by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village," and the quiet beauty of Wayland with its sylvan life and little parish drew me strongly.

A few months of the new pastorate passed by happily and auspiciously for pastor and people, when good old Deacon Draper, afterwards his dear friend and neighbor, one day said to him, "There is only one thing lacking,—a wife!" The young man flushed consciously. The thought was not new to him. Only his own modesty and self-depreciation had prevented this consummation. His mind had often gone back to Barnstable, where in 1837, as a young divinity student preaching in that beautiful old town, he had passed some Sundays at the house of one of its foremost citizens. There a sweet young daughter of his host had seemed to him the one white rose of girlhood. And this white rose, Ellen Bacon, on Nov. 7, 1839, was transplanted to Wayland, there for many years to bloom, and shed over all the beauty and fragrance of her sweet and noble personality.

Mr. and Mrs. Sears's first home in Wayland was a half of the cottage on the Old Sudbury Road, afterwards the home for many years of Lydia Maria Child. But this was not long to continue. So shining a light in his calling as young Sears soon became could not long remain hidden in Wayland. A year later came a call from the large and opulent parish of Lancaster, Massachusetts. The ideal of Goldsmith's village pastor had become much modified, viewed in the light of matrimony. The young pastor had not now only

himself to consider. He had an idolized wife, for whom the necessary privations of a small parish were intolerable, desiring as he did to lay at her feet all that life and opportunity could offer.

So in 1840 Mr. Sears accepted the call from the Lancaster church, where six happy years were passed. Never did pastor and wife find more devoted and appreciative friends. The culture, refinement, and intellectual tastes of this grand old New England town were keenly appreciated and reciprocated by the brilliant young pastor and wife. This intercourse, to which were added the joys of a happy home and family, a daughter being born in 1843, continued until the failing health of Mr. Sears brought it to a close. Never robust, the strain of social and pastoral demands of a large parish proved too much for his delicate and sensitive organization of mind and body, and serious illness followed. Quiet and seclusion were insisted upon by his physician, and in search of these Mr. Sears's memory went longingly back to the quiet life of the little village by the wide green meadows,—his first pastorate,—and hither he returned in 1847.

The restful life of a year's retirement so restored his health and strength as to enable him to resume the duties of pastor of the Wayland church the following year, and as such he remained for seventeen years.

During this time was done the greater part of Mr. Sears's life's work. With a small but congenial and appreciative parish, making no great demand upon his time and strength, he was able to devote his mind largely to literary work. Living upon a small farm on the Plain Road, the buildings since destroyed by fire, he cultivated a garden, kept a few hens and a cow, and, alternating this with literary work, was enabled to so conserve his powers of body and mind as to keep both in useful service.

His first book, "Regeneration," was published in 1853, followed by his "Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims," in 1857. The following year he published his "Athanasia, or Foregleams of

Immortality." These religious works and his later publication, "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ," largely written at this time, have powerfully affected modern religious thought and have placed Mr. Sears among the great architects of the Unitarian faith.

His "Pictures of the Olden Time," a delightful historical romance based upon the fortunes of his own pilgrim ancestors, makes us regret that Mr. Sears did not do more in this province of literature.

At this time he was also an editor of the *Literary and Religious Magazine*, and, not unmindful of his civic obligations, did faithful and valuable work as a member of the School and Library Committees of the town.

A poet, a mystic, a dreamer of fair ideals, the world of spirit and imagination was as real to him as the things of the tangible material world. Driving his cow over the pasture path, his eyes fixed on the gold and violet of the sunset clouds, the brush of an angel's wing against his cheek would seem but natural to him. It was at this time, in 1852, that he wrote one of his two great Christmas hymns, the one beginning

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,"

the other, "Calm on the listening ear of night," having been written when a student in the Divinity School. These hymns, sung now wherever the Christian religion is known, by churches of every creed and denomination, are enough of themselves to perpetuate Mr. Sears's name for all time.

The hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," was written for a Christmas service in this church, and was first printed on leaflets by Mr. Sears and distributed among his parishioners. Shut in between the leaves of some old Bible or in some long unused drawer or closet of the Wayland homesteads, may not one of these leaflets, yellowed by age, still be found?

Of this hymn one stanza is an epitome of Mr. Sears's religious faith, an expression of his very spiritual life:—



THOMAS GAYLAND

Re: [redacted] "a delinquent" and
 copies of his own past record
 in [redacted] and in [redacted]

re April 11, 1967

[illegible]

... of Mr. S...
... life:



PULPIT IN WAYLAND CHURCH

"Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all this weary world.
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing."

The mystical, poetic side of Mr. Sears's nature has been fully dwelt upon by his biographers. There was, however, another side to his character, which has not been equally emphasized, a recognition of which is certainly necessary to complete the full picture of the man. The steady eye and the firm mouth of the youth were not without significance. An absolute fearlessness and inflexible will were there. His friend, Rev. Chandler Robbins, said of him,—

No human power could draw or drive him one hair's-breadth from the stand of principle or the line of right. To attempt this was like dashing one's hand against a rock.

As Edmond Browne had been the minister of this church in the Indian wars, and Josiah Bridge the minister of the Revolution, so Dr. Sears was its pastor throughout the Civil War. And in the momentous years preceding the deluging of our country with blood in the latter conflict, his voice was raised, like that of a prophet of old, and these walls have rung to it, as knowing neither fear nor favor, with absolutely terrific eloquence he denounced the evils of the times and predicted the woes to come. "I do not often turn aside," he said, "from the usual offices of this place and hour, but I do not forget that we are citizens and have duties to the times and the country we live in. Vice prevails, and impious men hold sway!"

Concerning slavery he says:—

The moral question of slavery has been argued mainly as it affects the rights of the negro. I submit it to you that that is not the paramount issue. The most important question is not how it affects the black man, but how it affects the white man.

On the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law he denounced it from this pulpit in scathing words, and, regardless of the opposition it at once excited, repeated the denunciation in yet stronger terms after seeing Anthony Burns, the escaped slave, carried in chains down State Street by United States marshals for no crime but the attempt to be a free man. After the assault on Charles Sumner on the floor of the United States Senate, Mr. Sears reached the culmination of invective in his great sermon "Revolution or Reform" preached in this room, Sunday, June 15, 1856. This address, immediately printed and sent broadcast throughout the country, consists of fourteen pages of the most eloquent and impassioned denunciation and prophecy to be found in the literature of the time.

In this he uses the word "revolution," prophesying "civil war." This, he says,

is God's remedy, when a people are past reform and need punishment. It is the cup of the Divine anger; when chasms yawn everywhere; brother is set against brother; the business of life is at an end; the human heart runs gall; and no man knows but the ground will open under his feet the next moment. . . . It is not likely that God will throw away three hundred years of history; it is not likely that a resurgent barbarism will bear us back to the middle ages. But it comes to that, if the encroaching and brutal oligarchy of slavery is to be fixed finally upon our necks; and freedom, and light, and education, and thriving industry, and art, and science, and letters and invention, and Christianity itself, must go down before it. National retribution must follow national crime persevered in and unrepented of. And it (civil war) may come as a reward for all our servility and compromises with wrong; because we have joined hands with oppression; because we have hunted the poor man and the unprotected woman through our streets and fields; because we have put wicked men in high places to promote selfish interests, sacrificing justice to trade and humanity to commerce. . . . Every time we have dallied with the slave power we have sown the wind, and every year it becomes more certain that we shall reap the whirlwind!

How this prophecy was fulfilled Mr. Sears lived to see, and history has recorded in letters of blood.

In 1865 Mr. Sears tendered his resignation as pastor of this church, with the intention of devoting himself wholly

to literary work. A year later he was, however, induced to accept the pastorate of the Weston church, as associate with the venerable Dr. Field, who, after a pastorate of fifty years, had practically relinquished active duties, and here Dr. Sears continued as pastor until his death ten years later, in 1876.

My task is done, if I have demonstrated that the memory of the lives of these men is worthy of perpetuation by this church. And, if so, we dedicate this tablet to-day to the glory of God and in grateful and loving memory of

EDMOND BROWNE. First minister of this church. Pioneer. Bearer of culture and refined tastes into the wilderness. Strong man among strong men. Defender of women and children against Indian atrocities. Sagacious counsellor.

JOSIAH BRIDGE. Minister of the Revolution. Representative old-time pastor. Holder of the longest pastorate of this church. Man of distinguished personality. Eminent citizen. Early advocate of modern civic institutions.

JOHN BURT WIGHT. First Unitarian minister. In youth zealous, enthusiastic leader in advanced thought. In age an honored sage and patriarch of the community. Lover of books and upbuilder of our library.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. Scholar, man of letters, poet. Of rare spiritual insight, a leader in the liberal faith. Author of hymns which as sources of joy and inspiration are household words throughout the Christian world. Champion of the oppressed and denouncer of national wrong.

And this we do that the names of these men may not be lost to coming generations.

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